#4982-z
JOHN RICHTER JONES PAPERS

1854-1863

Folder 1 of 1

My dear Anna,

Living where you do, in the "Far West," which the sun seldom reaches till late in the afternoon and sometimes not at all, I think it positively my duty to inform you, that the day is clear & bright. This brilliant event relieves you for one evening from the company of a troublesome lover. — For my part, I am fool enough to grieve — yes — over fair sun-light which I usually so love. It cheats me of your presence — without which sun-light is darkness — nay, life itself but death. —

Anna, dearest, shall I — can I tell you, how unable I am becoming to bear your absence! How it grows upon me! has grown upon me constantly since our New-Year's eve. Every ~~evening~~ day I dream of being with you in the evening; and all day long I live on the memory of the past evening, the hope of the next. And to-day I am not to see you! —

I am now sitting in court — but my thoughts are away, & my mind is in confusion. I write to you in order to calm my troubled spirits. You will not forget me, dearest, this evening — tell your whisper I may be, assurance of my remembering only you. Dearest, farewell — my heart's life farewell —

Yours through life and death —

J. Richter Jones

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Anna E. Laufeat

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My dear child: I go out of town today.
You know this already and yet — I must
tell you it now: I tell you it because
the heart is full and from its fulness speaks.
Anna, such love as mine — such ab-
sorption into one passion — such concentration
on one hope — oh! such love is almost sin,
sin — deadly sin — it would be, were it not sanctioned
by our Father in Heaven — whose blessings & guidance
I have uniformly asked — and in humble submission
to whose dispensations I receive this & all other good.
Thus received — Anna dearest — it is not a sin but
it is a most perilous venture. My whole earthly
hope staked on one chance! a chance for the
highest earthly bliss however; and the venture is
worth the stake. But I have won — oh! I feel
that I have. I am loved even as I love. There is
one being, whose burning heart's thirst is for my
love — whose whole earthly hope is staked against
mine. Dearest, we venture much, but we venture
safely. —
Anna, I shall not see you today — And yet —
you are with me. I feel your presence in my heart
filling it with all "sweet influence". You are with
me — everywhere — always — Farewell, dearest
Farewell your devoted friend
J. R. Jones

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Anna C. Laussat

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My dear Anna — you remember how you eloped last evening with a "gay gallant" — do you? And how in revenge I vowed to run away from you today? To-day is come — and yet — I cannot quite make up my resolution. Go I must — sometime — today — the next — or the next: why not now? why not indeed!

(— Anna, dearest, how unspeakable is your power over me! how mysterious! how fearfull! All my feelings and passions seem forged into one great chain. All my past & future — my memories & my hopes — my whole life itself — seems concentrated on you.

"why not go today"? I cannot tear myself away. I cannot lose one day of living life. And yet I ought to go — I must — I will. But, dearest, you will think of me — will you think of me — as I think of you — always — as if the thought was the breath of my heart. —

I carry with me your note ("your own Anna") — and your ring — which I kiss continually — shall kiss a thousand times. —

My own — my life — adieu — — adieu — adieu —

J. R. Jones

If she is going she shall see him tomorrow at 5 — or earlier — shall he come?

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Anna E. Laufsal

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Eaglesmere - August 12th 1854

My dear Sir

I am very sorry indeed to hear of your accident; but hope it will soon be entirely cured. As soon as it shall be, we shall expect to hear of your being _en route_ for Eaglesmere via - whatever intermediate points you choose. In the mean time, _vive et vale_.

I should be very willing to let Mr. H. André have my mill on almost any terms, if I thought he could make the business pay. But in the present state of our roads I do not think lumbering - at my distance from Muncy - can be profitably carried on. My timber is principally hemlock - with some soft birch &c. - and the cow price will scarcely justify transportation of twenty miles. When our plank road shall be extended a few miles farther - the hemlock business will pay.

I come to this conclusion very reluctantly, for in truth, I should like to locate Mr. H. André in my neighbourhood - could I do so without danger of subjecting him to probable loss. Possibly however some mill on Muncy creek could be rented for him - convenient to _pine_ timber - and less distant from Muncy. If he choose to come up, Mr. Armstrong can accommodate him with comfortable quarters as long as he wish - and I will willingly give him the benefit of my advice &c.

As to other matters, I think, that purchaser of the iron tract has not been able to perform his agreement. If so I shall make an agreement with "uncle Daniel" - for the payment

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of $100 about the first of September – the residue to stand on interest. "Uncle Tobias" talks about wanting some money to help a destitute son; but he has already had all that is as yet due – or will be due until the first of April next – and any thing more will be altogether a favor: advancing him now will save interest and oblige him – that's all.

I have just returned home from a week's absence – in Centre and Clinton counties. The lumber business seems very brisk in Clinton – and along the river generally.

Tell Estella I have almost written to her several times lately – but did not get beyond the intention. All well. While I was absent the boys got a fine buck and another small one yesterday.

Yours &c &c
John Richter Jones

Emile Geyelin Esqr

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Camp Hamilton. Va. (near Fortress Monroe)
March 23d 1862

My dear child

In the short letter I wrote informing you of our being sent to this place, I did not give you a very minute account.

We arrived here on the Monday after the fight between the Merrimac and our vessels; when a renewal of the affair was expected every hour; to be attended with an attack by Magruder on our forces, with the superior army he then had in our front. The Merrimac did not actually come out; but she was announced one afternoon; when Genl. Wool ordered us under arms, to repel the simultaneous attack anticipated from the enemies land forces. However it proved a false alarm. Ever since, until a few days ago, the higher authorities have expected, or supposed the possibility of an attack, and have kept us constantly on the alert. Now however, the accumulation of troops—from the army of the Potomac—relieves us from any expectation of our being attacked; in fact exposes the other side to the same expectation.

Thus you see we were brought quite rapidly from the home guard habits of Phila soldiering to the habits and chances of actual service in the field.

The position we were sent to—and still occupy—is a dry piece of land about a mile and a half from the Fortress; almost perfectly level; with a fine sea beach in front of us, abounding in oysters and wild duck &c. When we first came, the

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secessionists were about a mile and a half in our front; but now they have retired we do not know how much farther. Our pickets are not yet much advanced; but a day or two I suppose, will give us the command of many miles of Country in advance.

One of the most interesting features of our neighbourhood is the ruined town of Hampton; burnt by General Magruder. A town of 2500 or 3000 inhabitants formerly, it is a total ruin; not a single inhabited house left; nothing to mark its scite but a forest of chimneys. Among the ruins are several large churches, and a courthouse; and several very superior mansions. John Tylers house which stands this side the town escaped and still remains.

In riding through the ruins as I do frequently — they being under two miles off — one finds shade & fruit trees and shrubbery and garden flowers; but the hands that planted them where are they? scattered wanderers throughout the South. What the newspapers call "the happy homes" of Virginia — and which were happy homes a year ago — it almost makes one cry to look at. What folly, and infatuation and what misery! And what useless barbarism to destroy their own homes! It does not retard our advance an hour; and it does not diminish our settled purpose to restore the Union at all events. If every town of the South be made as Hampton — be it so: that is their folly; but is no reason for our not doing our duty.

Today is Sunday and I went to church at the Fortress, accompanied by Lieut Jones. We found a handsome

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post chapel; and a venerable looking clergyman; and had a good sermon. But judging by the congregation religion is not at a premium here. There are about 50 pews: but I do not think there were forty persons present: that is more than a pew to each person. And except myself, there was nobody there above the rank of a captain.

Except this chapel, I have not been in a house for more than ten weeks. Yet do not think, I am not living comfortably: far from it. I sleep as well, eat as well, live as well generally, as ever I did. I find however that I have too many things with me. I shall therefore send a package back to your charge, at the first opportunity. If we are ordered to march suddenly, I may be obliged to throw up nine tenths of what I have left. The Officers in the army of the Potomac have come here almost without baggage — having left almost every thing but their tooth picks. At present I have an oil cloth floor in my tent, and a hundred luxuries, which I can dispense with.

But my time is out. Goodbye. Best regards to all.

Affectionately
Your father
J. R. J.

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Camp near Portsmouth Va.
May 27th 1862

My dear Child

I have not heard even indirectly from you for I do not know how long past; but presume you are as usual; not particularly well in health, not yet very ill.

I hope that when your mother pays her visit to Phila — which has been postponed on account of the paymaster's delays in visiting our camp, but will come to a performance soon — that you and Henry will return with her to Eagleswood and recruit your constitution generally. Arrangements might be made to afford you a ride or drive every day, and as Annie will be home after a while, I think between you, a cheerful, if not a merry household might be formed. I shall be in funds, I hope for easy living; and also to pay you some arrears which I know you very much need.

As to myself, you have read or heard

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of the Conquest of Norfolk, in which the 58 did as much as any regiment, and had the honor of having its flag displayed the first over the captured city. There was no fighting; though there might have been the hardest kind, if the Confederates had not abandoned their fortifications, and retreated. But there was a hot and dusty march of twelve miles, with the expectation of a battle at the end: and my men stood the march better than the other regiments, and came up to the enemy's entrenchments in better order to go into action. We were disembarked last—five hours after the first, and yet we were within one regiment of the front, when the works were reached.

After the capture we bivouacked four days in the rebel entrenchments—without our tents, or cooking utensils, and part of the time with nothing to eat but ship crackers. It was an unwholesome neighborhood, and numbers of our men were laid down with typhoid fe. Also some

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of the Officers. Fortunately, we got away, and after two removals, are now in a very healthy location, just outside the Portsmouth navy yard. Tomorrow, we move about two miles towards Suffolk, to ground which we expect to occupy, until we march — probably into the interior of North Carolina. While we remain here we shall live in clover — our camp being in a clover field — and the markets hereabouts abounding in sheepshead and other fine fish, to say nothing of vegetables of every kind formerly sent on from here as early supplies to the North.

I am brigaded with the 1st Delaware, Col. Andrews, and the 20th New York: both excellent ~~[illegible]~~ regiments: our Brigadier General being Max Weber, who is said to be a well educated soldier. In respect to whom however I wish you would ask Mr. Willoughby — supposing him still about — who Max is, what occupation he followed in New York &c.

When I shall get North and see any of you again is more than I know: not very soon, I fear. The only wonder now I

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proposed to one of my captains who asked me for a furlough: to get wounded and go North to recover. In no other way is there any likelihood, for us who are in the face of the Confederates. What I wish however is to get into the healthy regions of North Carolina before the ague season commences. To say nothing of myself, I shall lose more men in three months on the lowlands than in three battles.

But good bye. Kiss Henry for me. My warmest regards to Mrs G. and to Mrs & Miss W. if they are still on hand.

Your affectionate
father
J.R.J.

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Entrenchment camp - near Portsmouth Va
June 16th 1862

My dear child

Yours of the 12th reached me yesterday: and was received with very great pleasure; as is every news from you - or my other bairns.

I am at a loss to know the ground of those rumors about difficulties among officers and with the governor. Nothing of the kind worth mentioning has ever existed. As to the governor, I am in no way subject to his orders, nor in a position to have my interests affected by him - except in regard to the promotion of my officers, which is to some extent in his hands. Besides the difficulty between him & me about the chaplaincy, has in great measure died out. On the whole, I am afraid those rumors were set afloat, or aggravated by some persons - who were willing to have them true.

My regiment - despite the drawbacks

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of some incompetent officer — stands high in the service; ranks in fact higher than its length of service warrants. The illustration is a contest, among the Brigadier Generals — when the Brigades were arranged — as to which should have us; while there were other regiments which none wanted. We got into General Weber's Brigade — along with two crack regiments which had been more than a year in service. However that arrangement has been done away.

At present, I am in a kind of independant Command — as a quasi-Brigadier — having charge of the whole country in front of Norfolk and Portsmouth; with my pickets and outposts advanced towards the Dismal Swamp; and my cavalry patrols farther in front, so as to watch certain rebel troops said to be hidden in the woods and waters of that "unknown land". While I garrison the country, the "First Delawares" garrison the two towns — we being the only regiments now here.

Our position here is quite healthful and

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being in the midst of those truck gardens which supplied the North formerly with early vegetables, is rather desireable. But I wish to get away before August and ague. A wish to be gratified I suppose soon after the Fall of Richmond; when we shall probably advance into North Carolina.

The article of head-gear you refer to, was a temporary thought: abandoned: and in place I got a soft felt hat. There is nothing else I want - except cotton stockings which I suppose Aunt Hattie sent me; though her package has not yet arrived. The fact is I am trying continually to lessen my household goods for in spite of myself, I find too many on hand. I have already stored my big camp chest at Norfolk, and several other impediments.

Get up to Sullivan as soon as you can and recruit yourself & Henry. Love & Kisses to the boys: kindest regards to Mr G.

Affectionately,

Your father

J. Richter Jones

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Camp near Portsmouth Va.
August 18th 1862

My dear child

I send a list of some things which I wish Gray to furnish me: and also $20 to pay for them. If there is any change, buy something for Henrie with it.

Tell Mr Gray to pack the articles carefully in a box and direct to me — "Norfolk. Virginia": and as the purchase is for a mess, I wish his bill sent along,

We are still at our military watering place: and the General having stopped my excursions to seize arms, break up guerillas &c. I have now very little to do, except "chew the food of sweet and bitter fancies": the latter preponderating, whenever I call to mind, the inertness of men and things around me. The fact is, I did not come here, to live at my ease — which I could do as well at home — but which seems to embody the beau ideal

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of military duty on the part of my "superior" Officers. However I mean to take measures to get into more active Service as soon as practicable.

Our advantage here is the comparative healthiness; for though we have some miasmatic affections, the cases are generally very light. Metcalfe has been about the worst; but is fast recovering: and Tony who has an attack is now almost, if not quite well.

I have sent for Horatio to come down and spend a month with me as my military secretary. I shall send money to fit him up decently in a military undress — a blue military sack or blouse — cap — army shirts, and blue or white pants. I want you to see to his appearance while he is passing through Phila — or staying there a day or two. He will also want a decent carpet sack — or water proof rather such as they have under Jones' hotel; where there is a very good kind with outside pockets. He will be down about tomorrow

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week, or a little later. Perhaps may
stay until Annie goes down.
Remembrances to Emily. Goodbye
affectionately,
Your father
J. R. J.

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Camp near Portsmouth Va. August 27th 1862

My dear child

The groceries came safely, and the letter announcing them. They are quite as much of the kind as I care to have on hand. When we moved ~~from~~ to Norfolk, we lost a small box of tea, and other articles, and the less we have on such occasions, the less trouble and less loss.

We have been drinking vile Sutlers tea at $1,00 a pound, worth at best ~~75~~ $/100 and other groceries no better; except Sugar which is good. Still don't suppose we've been living badly. Far from it: we are now making up for some bad living in past times, and also are laying in a <u>supererogation of good living</u> to compensate for future hardships. But I must let you know how we do live.

First, I have a large tent, what is called a hospital tent; with a board floor; and the curtains

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opening at both ends. Directly behind is a "fly", extending to my small wall tent, and making a covered place between the two, where we generally eat. In my large tent is a camp box— smaller than the one you saw at Carlisle, but like it making a table— and besides, an expanding cot and divers pieces of camp furniture.

In my mess, I have Dr. Wright & Cummins and Quartermaster Fredley: a very agreeable party. The domestic establishment consists of "Nelson" a North Carolina negro— the only slave I have met with yet, who is fit to be free— acting as steward cook &c. and paid by the Mess. Next comes "Miles" my private servant— a handsome, very polite young negro— very respectful, but willing to cheat me a little just as he did his original master: both these darkies, being run-a-ways from "Secesh". Nelson has also an assistant whose name I do not know; and who seems to serve for the crumbs, which fall from the Colonel's table. There is also a groom to take care of our horses. In addition, there is "Mike" my German ~~old~~ orderly, who rides

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at my heels, when I go out, and scolds the servants, in my stead, when at home. I have thus, you see, quite a long tail.

As to what we eat, and how we eat, I'll tell you. You'd call our table "fixings" rather rough. Our table cloth is Indian rubber, and except the cruets, there is nothing about the table which can be broken. Our tumblers are block-tin, our soup plates French tin, our plates, tea cups & some other unbreakable something.

But the eatables themselves? I'll tell you what we had for dinner today — as nearly as I can recollect. First, Soup: Nelson excells in Soup. Next roast beef — with tenderloin enough on it for the whole mess — potatoes, sweet and Irish, boiled corn, beets, tomatoes. For desert, peaches & cream — that is milk — with a kind of sponge cake, made by some dusky friend of the Cook's; and finally a huge melon. I hope all soldiers fare as well as we did today; and usually do.

In fact, this region is a great country for good living. It abounds in vegetables, fruits, melons

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game, fish, oysters &c. The inlets around our camp are full of oyster beds & fish. As for game, I had some very fine partridges for supper tomorrow which Tony shot today & sent me.

To be sure, we've lived hardly, and expect to live hardly again. But we are living well at present.—

You speak of being acquainted with the Commandant at the Fortress — do you mean Genl. Dix? Except officially I have formed no acquaintance with him, or with Genl. Viele. They seem surrounded entirely by New York people.—

I answered your letter enclosing Henri's photograph. I hope you will manage to make the Sullivan visit sometime this Fall. It will do you good, I think.

I don't know exactly, what Horatio ought to have: but I want him decently fitted out. I call him a "gentleman cadet," in order to give him some military position where none but soldiers are supposed to have any business: and I must put him into military rig. My kindest regards to Emile.

very affectionately
your father
J. R. J.

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Camp 58th Regt Pa. Vols. U.S. Army
August 28th 1862

My dear child

Since I wrote to you yesterday, I received a letter from your Ma, requesting me to send you $10. to be laid out in things for Annie. I enclose a check for $30 – of which I wish Annie to have $5. pocket money in addition to the $10. for extra things, and the $15. to go towards Horatio's things. Get the $5. in specie for her – paying the premium out of some other fund.

General Viele has gone to Washington, leaving me in temporary command here: but of course, I do not interfere with his main[?], nor do any thing in fact but let affairs slide along. I suppose he will be back in a couple of days.

The newspapers do not say what was done with Charles Ingersoll. It was mighty foolish, for the Powers that be, to meddle with him – as it was with

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Barrett, McDowell &c. at Harrisburgh—making martyrs of them all, and increasing their influence with the Democrats. On the other hand, those friends of mine—McCall Ingersoll &c. are making fools of themselves by their "Secesh" sympathies. If they mixed with Southern people—as they are now—here, and I think every where—Charles Ingersoll would find, that "Secesh" bitterness knows no difference between their former friends, and their abolitionist enemies, ~~but~~ we are all alike "Yankees" &c. &c. with ~~all~~ more gall for Democrats; who, they say, deceived, and betrayed them. As to courting them into good will, the attempt seems only to add contempt to dislike. We have got to whip them into respect for us, ~~before~~, before our words of conciliation or kindness will make the slightest impression. On their side, they regard it now as a fight between North and South, and the Northern man who advocates their cause, they regard as too meanspirited to fight his own enemies.

Such are the sentiments I have

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heard expressed over and over again in this country; and I have no doubt of their being common. Until Charles Ingersoll is ready to admit that the Southerners are a nobler race, he will be regarded as a mean Yankee ~~and~~ enemy; and when he does so, they will rate him as a traitor — professing for some mean purpose, sentiments which he does not really hold. — But enough of my old friends.

I don't recollect any thing I want made. Your Ma is making me some collars to send by Horatio. I want him to bring me a dozen boxes of some extra quality matches: such as will keep without spoiling. Also a half pound canister of pistol powder.

... Goodbye, my dear child, goodbye,

Your affectionate father

J. R. J.

Remembrance to Mr. G.

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Camp 58th Regt - near Portsmouth Va
September 23d 1862

x x x x x x x

All history presents nothing grander than the conduct of Pennsylvania. Her borders threatened by a powerful army of victorious troops - her available men already in service elsewhere - she rose up in mass and extemporized an army such as any enemy might recoil from. True our regular forces placed in abler hands, retrieved their position and rendered your cooperation practically only a demonstration of power. But your praise is none the less: your impression, at home and abroad none the less.

Among the smaller traits, is the turning out as privates, of such men as Captain - Major - Charles Thomson Jones - who may truly be called one of the _solid_ men - who, the newspapers say, have turned out in the emergency. Still he is certainly too _solid_ for the ranks, and will be better suited in the Q.M. Department.

As to Charles Jun: a good drilling drilling into the musket will do him no harm.

During all this mingling of the elements of confusion, I have been forced to stand aloof, an idle spectator. Not my own fault. I have written to everybody anywhere

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asking for active service. Among others, I wrote to Governor Curtin, requesting him to apply to the War Department to be called north to aid in defense of our own State, nevertheless I am still here. Greater mismanagement, it is not easy to imagine: while my veteran regiment, thoroughly drilled, and disciplined, is kept here doing garrison duty — new regiments are sent into the field.

From some cause, General Viele seems to wish to keep us here; and whenever we have been ordered away — which has been twice — he has interposed. He now talks of winter quarters for us here; and into winter quarters here we'll ~~go~~ have to go, unless my friends — supposing that I have any influential enough — get an order from McClellan to call me elsewhere. But a winter here will demoralize the regiment — by giving those half a dozen discontented officers of the Curtis wing — encouraged as they are by Governor Curtin — opportunity to work up the elements of discord. Among other plots, one of them — Capt Winn — actually went so far as to bring charges against me for embezzlement. And what do you think was embezzled? That money for the overcoats last winter; which money I never saw, nor had anything to do with, except to allow Major Martin to receive it — having as you remember even refused to make any order about it in favor of Highley's bill, because the whole was a voluntary transaction. This charge was ignored by Gen Viele; though backed — it is said by Winn — by Governor Curtin. The affair shows the malignant elements I have to contend with. Yours &c

(sgd) J.R.J.

Lieut Horatio G. Jones
Camp near Chambersburgh Pa.

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H^d Q^rs 18 Army Corps
New Berne N.C. April 26/63

Col. J. R. Jones
Comdg Out Post -

Col -
Genl Palmer goes in command of an Expedition towards Kinston.
You will report to, & assist him by your knowledge & with your Regt, in any way you may be able
By order Maj Genl J. G. Foster

Southard Hoffman
A A G

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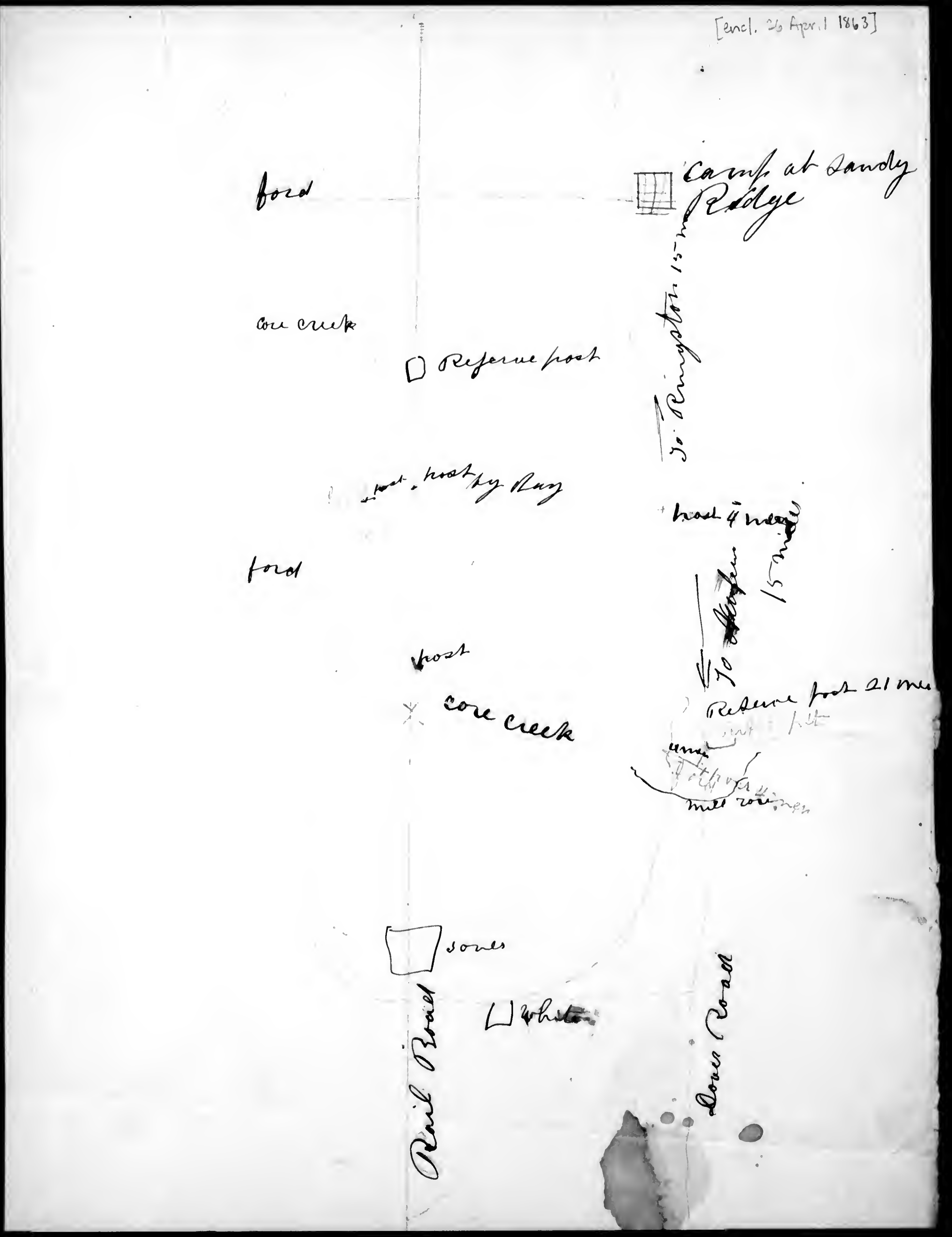

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Head Quarters outposts.

Camp 58th Regt P.V. — U S Army, — May 20th 1863

Sir

I have the honor to report that I propose sending the 58th Regt P.V. tomorrow morning, to seize the crossings of Core Creek — rebuild the Dover road bridge — and to catch, if possible, the enemy's post at the rail road switch: the latter enterprise being at all events, a good cover and pretext for our ulterior movements.

If the reinforcements can reach Core Creek — by rail road or otherwise — tomorrow afternoon, or evening, it will be in time for my purposes, and will give the men time to get some sleep. I wish to move about 10 P.M. — so as to reach my proposed position a little before day light.

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Head Quarters 18th Army Corps
New Berne N.C. May 22. 1863

Col. J. Richter Jones
Comdg 58th Regt. Pa Vols

Col.

Your brief report has come to hand, it is sufficient to show how well you have carried out the plans for the capture of the Enemies Picket Regiment; & serves fully to confirm my personal high ~~judgment~~ opinion of you as an officer.

I approve your plan, - & I [illegible] to return at once to New Berne or rather your old lines.

Yours very Respecy & truly

J. G. Foster
Maj. Gen. Comdg.

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HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
18TH ARMY CORPS,
New Berne, May 26th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 81.

The Commanding General, in common with the officers and men of this command, is called upon to mourn the loss of a most gallant officer, COL. J. RICHTER JONES, 58th Pa. Vols., who fell at the head of his Regiment, on the evening of May 23d, whilst repelling an attack on the outposts.

COL. JONES won the admiration of all in this department by the indefatigable, able, and gallant manner with which he filled the arduous duties of Commander of the Outposts.

He died whilst yet enjoying the triumph of a victory won by his valor and counsel.

To the service, to this Department, and to his Regiment, this death has been a sad loss, and to all here, and to those at home whom he loved, the Commanding General offers his most sincere sympathy.

May his bright example lead many to tread the arduous path of duty with as pure an appreciation of duty, and with as firm unswerving tread as he.

All the flags in this Department will be carried at half mast for the three days following the receipt of this order, and at this Post, half hour guns will be fired from Forts Totten and Rowan, from sunrise to sunset, to-morrow, May 27th.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. FOSTER:

SOUTHARD HOFFMAN
Assistant Adjutant General.

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At a meeting of the Philadelphia Bar held on the 30th of May 1863 the following Preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas we the members of the Bar of Philadelphia have learned with emotions of deep grief of the death of the Hon J. Richter Jones, who for a long time was one of our members, for many years one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of this City and County, and who has died while heroically fighting the battles of his country in sustaining its Government Constitution and Laws; We deem it fitting and proper to express our high esteem of his many noble qualities as a friend, a brother member of the profession, and one who adorned every station in life which he was called upon to occupy,

Therefore Resolved.

1. That we shall ever admire the sterling integrity which marked his character as a lawyer and a Judge, and the varied intelligence which so well qualified him to fill with satisfaction to his friends and the public the high stations in which in the Providence of God he was placed.

2. That we cherish with sentiments of high respect his many noble manly and Christian virtues, his high sense of honor, love of Country and indomitable courage in sustaining what he deemed to be right, at the bar, on the bench, or upon the field of battle.

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3. That in the death of Judge Jones, Pennsylvania has lost a noble son, this bar a worthy member, his bereaved wife a devoted husband, his children an affectionate father, his relations a venerated brother and the Church a devout and worthy member

4. That with no ordinary feelings of grief, we most sincerely sympathise with the relations of the deceased in the loss which they have sustained in the death of our departed brother of the bar.

5. That a Committee of Seven be appointed by the President to communicate to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions. signed by the Officers of the meeting.

The Hon A V. Parsons, Josiah Randall, J. C. Knox, Edward King, Wm D. Kelly, Joseph Allison and H. Binney Jr were appointed the Committee under the 5th resolution, to whom the Chairman and Secretary were added.

Attest.

B. Gerhard
P McCall } Secretaries

John Cadwalader
Chairman

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Proceedings approved. Findings on the first Charge and Specification disapproved. Findings on the second Charge approved and findings on 1st Specn 2d Charge approved. Findings 2d S. 2d Ch. approved. So much of the finding of the third S. 2d Ch. as finds the accused not guilty after words 'became intoxicated' disapproved. Findings on the 4th S. 2d Ch approved. The Comdg. Gen. disapproves the finding of 'not guilty' in the 1st Ch. & Sp. of 'drunkenness upon duty' because he thinks that Sp. & Ch. clearly proven by the evidence. Two unimpeached witnesses positively testify to the fact of drunkenness & they are not to be controlled by other witnesses testifying that they did not observe the condition of the accused or anything remarkable in his condition at the time before or afterwards.

There seems to have been in the Court a remarkable delicacy for some reason in finding the accused guilty of the Ch. of intoxication; because they find him 'not guilty' of so much of the 3d S. 2d Ch. as alleges that he was intoxicated while they find that he did, at the same time, in a convivial party of his brother officers, when a toast was proposed in memory of his Colonel, late deceased, dying at the front of his regiment, make use of the following language, to wit:

"I'll be God damned if I will drink to any such toast; No, I'll be God damned if I do; he was a God damned old son of a bitch".

Was the reluctance of the Court to find Maj. Metcalf guilty of intoxication, to suppose him, in his sober senses and with cold malice in his heart, uttering these words of his late commanding officer. Would it not have been a more charitable opinion on the part of the Court, that in the excitement of wine, in a convivial party, with his blood heated, he should have been betrayed into using such language than that in cold blood he should have made use of them? The Comdg. Gen. therefore had much rather believe for the sake of human nature, that it is true he (Maj. M—f) was intoxicated when he made this most ungentlemanly, malicious, and bad hearted speech about his brother officer who had died gallantly fighting in the service of his Country. The Comdg. Gen. therefore desires to call the attention of the officers composing this Court, & officers of other Courts, to how much injustice may be done, as well to the Government as the accused, in refusing to find men guilty of being intoxicated upon the evidence upon which they would find them guilty upon any other charge.

And while the Comdg. Gen. believes that the charge of conduct unbecoming an off. & a gentleman, implies in its legal and technical import that the officer should have committed some act of such moral obliquity,

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as would render him unfit for association with his brother officers & gentlemen and as some part of these S. might rather come under the Charge of "Conduct to the prejudice of good order & military discipline" yet the finding of an open expression many times repeated by the accused, of joy at the death of his Commanding Off. evincing a hate which followed him to his grave, and of joy at the burning of the house of his late Comdg Off. the home, and last refuge of his widow, evinces a wickedness of heart which renders Maj. Metcalf an unfit associate for officers & gentlemen. He therefore because of his guilt upon this Charge as well as the indecency of which he was convicted, ceases to be an officer from this date. The recommendation to the clemency of the reviewing officer upon the part of the Court, cannot be acted upon, because it proceeds upon a wrong basis. That is to say; that the motives of the prosecutor in some way, mitigates the guilt of the accused. The motives of the prosecutor, if they are what they are alleged to be in the recommendation to mercy, might well be taken into account in weighing his testimony, but the fact of the guilt of the accused being ascertained, it can by no means be affected because the prosecutor may not have been prompted to the accusation by the highest purposes.

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It is common enough in all civilized Countries, to offer rewards to cause prosecution to be instituted, and the more heinous the crime the higher the reward to stimulate such prosecution; but that fact never has been held ~~as~~ to be a competent one to influence the punishment of the accused when his guilt was properly found.
Sentence approved.

1st Sp - N. G.
1st Ch - N. G.
1st Sp - 2d Ch. G.
2d " G
3d " G except "became intoxicated," as to those words N. G.
4th Sp 2d Ch. G.
2d Ch guilty.
& the Court do therefore sentence him Major Wm. Metcalf 158 &c to be dismissed the service.

Ch. 1. Drunkenness on duty
" —
Ch 2. Conduct unbecoming an officer
Sp 1 — Danced in his shirt
Sp 2 — "Laughed ~~at~~ that the D— old
Son of a bitch is dead" &c —
Sp 3d — do — do at supper —
Sp 4th — Drunk on road —

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Another Martyr to the Cause.

The war for free government is claiming the blood of the highest and most favored, as well as of the poorer and unknown.

JOHN RICHTER JONES, born in 1804, practiced law and was elevated to the Bench in Philadelphia, but about 1849 retired to Sullivan county, to enjoy ease and quiet, in the bosom of his family and delights of literary and agricultural pursuits. A Hunker Democrat he was of the strictest sect, and an apologist for Slavery and the South. But, at heart, he was above all party bonds—he was a Patriot, like most men of Welch origin. His father, Rev. Dr. H. G. Jones, (first Chancellor of the University at Lewisburg) was chosen a Regimental Chaplain, at Roxborough, in the war of 1812. His grandfather, Rev. David Jones, served as Chaplain in the Revolution, in the Indian war following, and again in 1812, when 75 years of age. Of this period is the following anecdote, related by Prof. Anderson in Sprague's Annals of the American Baptist Pulpit:

"On his way to join the Army of the North, Chaplain Jones rode from New Brunswick to New York in the stage, in company with a number of gentlemen, all of whom seemed to take a lively interest in the political affairs of the day. Among them was a young lawyer, who was criticising, in no measured terms, the policy and spirit of President Madison—'A weak administration—a miserably weak administration,' was the epithet which he applied to the powers which then were. Mr. Jones had sat quietly, taking but little part in the discussion. But now he woke up. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'it's a weak administration—miserably weak.' Some surprise was manifested at this concession from a man of Mr. Jones' well-known political principles. 'Yes, indeed, *a miserably weak administration.* If President Madison were half the man he ought to be'—looking full in the eye of the young lawyer—'*he would have hung, long ago, scores of such confounded Tories as you!*' 'Sir!' said the lawyer, with a great deal of warmth, 'if you were not an old man, you would not say that to me.' 'Yes, yes, sir'—replied Mr. Jones, shaking his head energetically toward the angry youth—'and if I were not an old man, you would not dare to say that to *me!*'"

In July, 1861, Judge Jones began to raise a Regiment, (the 58th P. V.,) which has performed valuable services. On the 22d ult., near Newbern, N. C., he acted as Brig. General, and surprised a Rebel camp on Gum Swamp, capturing its artillery, its munitions, 50 horses and mules, 200 prisoners, and after destroying the works retired to his camp—all without loss. The next day, a Rebel force appeared, but did no damage, until a sharp-shooter, concealed, fired a ball which struck Col. Jones in the breast: he fell into the arms of his orderly, exclaiming "My God—my King!" and expired. His remains were sent North for burial, with all the honors of war. His last letter to a brother-in-law, dated 18th ult., has the following impressive sentiments—the hearty convictions of a bold, brave, consciencious, self-sacrificing Christian Gentleman:

"It is better for the great interests of man to expend the whole present generation at the North, than to consent to the separation of the American nation.——We are not ready for peace yet. If it were patched up by nominal restoration of the Union, it would be but a hollow truce. We must whip the South into proper respect for us.——The party which attempts to embarrass the Government, whether its measures be just or not, will be as 'teetotally damned' as the old Federalists were. ——*Stand by the Government until the storm is over, and then* settle whether it ought to have thrown A's or B's goods overboard to lighten the ship. This is the only patriotic doctrine—the only doctrine sanctioned by the practice of other nations in similar emergencies, and the only policy which the American people will eventually sustain."

[Th]e Late Colonel J. Richter Jones.

To the Editor of The Press:

SIR: It is with profound regret that we learn from various sources of the death of one of our fellow-townsmen, the Hon. JOHN RICHTER JONES, who was Colonel of the 58th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. The New York *Herald's* correspondent at Newbern, North Carolina, gives full particulars of a brilliant engagement of Colonel Jones, in which he was acting brigadier general; and closes by stating that after the whole force had returned to their camp at Bachelor's Creek Station, and the Colonel was safe within his own lines, he was shot by a rebel who was concealed behind a chimney, on a house several hundred yards distant; and as he fell he was caught by his faithful orderly, Michael Webber. He died almost instantly. The last distinct words he was heard to utter were, "My God—my King." The body of the Colonel was taken to Newbern and embalmed, and was sent home under the charge of his nephews, Captain Cecil Clay and Lieutenant Antony Clay, of Company K. Prior to its departure from Newbern General Foster paid all due respect to the memory of the brave and lamented Colonel, and gave him a brigadier general's honors. An eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Stone, chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment, and as the vessel which bore the body left the port all the flags were placed at half mast. The body reached New York on Saturday morning, and it is expected that it will be interred at the family burial ground early this week.

His death will cause universal regret, for the country cannot afford to lose such brave and bold officers.

Colonel Jones was the oldest son of the late Rev. Horatio G. Jones, D. D., of Roxborough, in this city, and was born in 1804. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1821, with high honor, and subsequently studied law, and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar November 17, 1827. He pursued his profession until 1836, when he received the appointment of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and was associated with Hon. Edward King, as president judge, and Hon. Archibald Campbell, Hon. James Campbell, and Hon. Anson V. Parsons, as associate justices of that court.

In 1847 his term of office expired, and he soon after removed to Sullivan county, Pa., but prior to his removal he resided in Roxborough, where his ancestors had been settled since the early part of the last century. In his quiet retirement, at Eaglesmere, he devoted himself to agriculture and literary pursuits, but frequently visited Philadelphia, and generally passed part of each season with his relatives there and at Roxborough.

When the rebellion broke out, Colonel Jones, from the outset, espoused the cause of the Government, and went to Washington to advise with the Administration what course to pursue. He counselled the most active measures, but his advice was not heeded, and he returned, feeling that war would be the ultimate result. This was long prior to the 4th of March, 1861. Love of country was a prominent feature in his character, and this he had inherited from his grandfather, the Rev. David Jones, the justly celebrated Revolutionary chaplain.

At an early day he offered his services to the Government, and in July, 1861, having received authority to raise a regiment, he proceeded to do so with his usual energy, and in August of that year he was duly commissioned as colonel of the 58th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was chiefly raised in and around Philadelphia, with the addition of a number of companies from the interior of the State; but it may be, and was, considered one of the Philadelphia regiments. The camp was located first at Roxborough, and then near Girard College. On the 8th day of March, 1862, Colonel Jones and his regiment left Philadelphia, and after being stationed at Camp Hamilton, near Fortress Monroe, for some time he formed part of the advance which made the attack on Norfolk, and his regiment was among the first to enter that city.

After remaining at Portsmouth during the summer of 1862, he was ordered in October to Suffolk, where he found on the Blackwater a wider field for activity.

Anxious to be of greater use, he was, in January, 1863, transferred to the Department of North Carolina, under Major General Foster. His camp was at Batchelor's Creek Station, on the railroad, about eight miles from Newbern, N. C., and he occupied that outpost with his regiment since that time.

While at this post he harassed the rebels continually, and was constantly planning some expedition to cut off their line of communication. His untiring zeal in the good cause made him an object of the special hatred of the enemy, who, it was said, offered a reward to any who would take him, or any of his regiment, dead or alive.

Although unused to active warfare, Colonel Jones had made the art of war for many years a particular study, and he was once heard to say that he had read an account of every great battle that had ever been fought. Such was his knowledge of the art, as an ar[t], that his only extended literary production, "The Quaker Soldier," published in this city a few years since, was supposed at the time to have been written by a military officer of high position.

One of his well-known characteristics was his cool and imperturbable courage. He was literally a stranger to the sensation of fear. A well-known instance of his bravery, when he was attacked, at midnight, in his mansion at Roxborough, by three desperadoes, fully armed with bludgeons and pistols, is still remembered by many of our citizens.

Col. Jones was a man of strong religious principles, and for many years was a member of the Lower Merion Baptist Church, of which his father had been pastor. He was accustomed every day to read a portion of the Bible, and when he left for the seat of war he carried with him a copy of the *Septuagint*, for he always read the Bible in the original tongue.

It was entirely from a sense of duty to his country, arising from this strong religious feeling, that he entered the military service. A constant sense of his duty continued to guide him through his whole subsequent career. In the last letter which he is known to have written, addressed to his brother-in-law, Joseph A Clay Esq., dated from camp, May 18th, 1863, on the eve of the impending expedition, both of these characteristics are prominent. He seems to have written under one of those singular anticipations of a possible fatal termination to the enterprise that have acquired the very erroneous name of presentiments. He says:

"So far, all my enterprises—petty ones, to be sure—have been successful. Will this continue? Does Providence mean to use me for some higher purpose? We will wait and see. The ways of God are not as our ways. Perhaps the next time I go under fire may be the last. Fortunately, I am ready: ready to go hence 'and be with Christ, which is far better.' * * * * *

"It is better for the great interests of man, to expend the whole present generation of the North, than to consent to the separation of the American nation. * * * * We are not ready for peace, yet. If it were patched up by nominal restoration of the Union, in the present state of our arms, it would be but a hollow truce. We must whip the South into proper respect for us. I have made a fair beginning here. I do not think there is a Confederate regiment here which supposes it could whip the 58th, or would like to undertake it. As soon as our army generally is thus respected or feared, we will have the preliminaries of peace prepared, and we may look to the beginning of the end.

"Another suggestion: The men who cry peace before the time for peace, will stand, historically, with the men of the Hartford Convention. The party which attempts to embarrass the Government, whether its measures be just or not, will be as 'teetotally damned' as the old Federalists were. Stand by the Government until the storm be over, and then settle whether it ought to have thrown A's goods overboard to lighten the ship. This is the only patriotic doctrine—the only doctrine sanctioned by the practice of other nations in similar emergencies, and the only policy which the American people will eventually sanction. If I thought otherwise, I should cry, 'A plague on both your houses,' and migrate—I don't know where—perhaps to old Wales. But good-bye. Look on every letter you receive from me as possibly the last. Yours, &c., J. R. J."

This, indeed, proved to be the last letter which he was permitted to write. He fell at the head of his noble troops, and was caught by his faithful orderly, Michael Webber, five days after the date of that letter. But he was "ready to go hence." He had but one object before him, the good of his country, and for that he has often said he was willing to sacrifice his life.

As the correspondent of the New York *Herald* says, "He was among the bravest of the brave, and went into the fight fearless of personal danger, and yet with due regard for the safety of his men." In this last respect, his conduct presents a fine example of unflinching courage tempered by prudence. It is a remarkable fact, that although in his last fatal expedition he routed three rebel regiments, the only life sacrificed on our side was his own.

As a disciplinarian he was strict, but his men had learned to look upon him with love, for he never sent them where he was afraid to go. His recent successes had marked him out for promotion, and, had he lived, he would no doubt have been placed in some high command.

Thus has fallen another martyr in the sacred cause of Union and Liberty. The name of Colonel John Richter Jones will be added to the noble list of those who have fallen before him in the same cause. His memory will be cherished forever by his family and his country, and his noble deeds of daring will never be forgotten.

Colonel Jones was a warm and sympathizing friend, a devoted husband and father, an accomplished scholar, an incorruptible judge, a brave and skillful commander, a noble-minded gentleman, a true patriot, and an humble Christian.

He has left to survive him a widow and three children. His brothers, Charles Thomson Jones, Nathan L. Jones, and Horatio Gates Jones, of Roxborough, are well known in this community.

I am, sir, yours very respectfully, J.

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HEADQUARTERS HOME GUARD,

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, June 2, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 9.

The announcement of the death of Colonel JOHN RICHTER JONES, of the Fifty-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in action, recently, in the Department of North Carolina, comes to us as one of the saddening realities of destructive war.

Born of Revolutionary stock, and educated in this city, having been graduated at the University of Pennsylvania with high honors, and admitted to its bar in the year 1827, Colonel Jones became a successful advocate in our various courts, and continued in full practice till the year 1836, when he was appointed an Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the City and County of Philadelphia, whose duties he performed creditably to himself, and with satisfaction to his fellow-citizens, until the year 1847, when his term of office ended.

On his retirement from the bench, he applied himself to agriculture and to literary pursuits, in Sullivan county, in this State, where he was soon distinguished as one of the most useful and influential men in the county.

On the occurrence of the present rebellion, Colonel Jones, with that ardent zeal for the honor and welfare of the country which characterized him, though without experience in military affairs, offered the services of a regiment of infantry to the Government for the term of three years, and with it was at once mustered into the service as its colonel.

Having joined the army at Fortress Monroe, he shared in the capture of Norfolk, and after much active service in its vicinity he was transferred to the Department of North Carolina, in which he has served with great credit and distinction until his death, a few days since, in battle.

Having the confidence of his superior officers, and the affection of his men, Colonel Jones was frequently selected for the execution of delicate and difficult enterprises against the enemy, the success of which was such that his name and his regiment became famous and terrible to the enemy in the region in which he operated.

A farmer, a scholar, a gentleman, a soldier and a Christian, Colonel John Richter Jones illustrated the character of each in the versatility of his employment, and sealed with his blood his devotion to his country, its integrity and its unity.

An example to men of mature age, and a shining light to the young in the path of duty, the name of John Richter Jones is inscribed high on the muster-roll of fame, while his country mourns the sacrifice of such a man in the most deplorable of wars.

It is ordered:

I. That Companies A, C and D of the First Regiment of Artillery of this force be detailed to unite with the funeral escort of the late Colonel John Richter Jones.

II. That they be reported by their respective commanding officers to Colonel Charles S. Smith, of the Grey Reserves, its commander, at Independence Hall, at 3 o'clock P. M., on Wednesday next, the 3d inst., for that service.

III. Captain Levering, Company A, of the Second Rifles, will receive the remains on their arrival at Roxborough, and will pay the last honors to the distinguished dead. By order of

A. J. PLEASONTON,
Brig. Gen. Commanding Home Guard.

WM. BRADFORD, A. Adjutant General.